THE

# *LADY's*

# MONTHLY MUSEUM.

## OCTOBER, 1809.

### *THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.*

LADY ANNE LUTTRELL, the amiable and lovely consort of his Royal Highness Henry Frederick, late Duke of Cumberland, and brother of our beloved sovereign, was the daughter of Simon Earl of Carhampton, and relict of Christopher Horton, Esq. of Catton Hall, in Derbyshire. She was married to the duke October 2, 1771, and died without issue. Their union, though productive of much dissatisfaction to the parliament, was a union of sincere affection, and crowned with the most perfect domestic happiness.

[*A more circumstantial memoir will be given in our next.*]

### *DUCHESS OF BAVARIA.*

THE conduct of this lady justly deserves to be celebrated, not only for the fortitude with which she supported misfortune, but for the conjugal affection which she displayed towards her lord; and the method by which she delivered him from the hands of his powerful opponent, is worthy of record. In a contest between the duke and the Emperor of Germany, the former was compelled to retire within the castle of Weinsberg's walls, and to solicit the latter to grant him terms of capitulation, to which at length he was induced to accede. The Duchess of Bavaria, not entertaining the most exalted idea of the emperor's

honour, felt alarming apprehensions for the duke's life, and falling at the feet of the conqueror, implored him to grant her one request; the emperor, raising her from her prostrate situation, enquired her desire:—"It is merely, my liege," said the duchess, "that myself, and the ladies belonging to me, may obtain your permission to quit these walls, and take with us whatever moveables we are able to sustain within our arms." The emperor, imagining that jewels, plate, or trinkets, were the things which females would be the most anxious to retain, readily gave the requested permission, and ordered his soldiers to let the ladies pass. The duchess instantly flew to the object of her affection, told him the plan she had formed for his release, and, after assuring him that every nerve would be braced by tenderness, implored him to let her convey him away in her arms. The ladies of her train, animated by this proof of conjugal attachment, unanimously made their husbands the same request: but what was the emperor's astonishment, when, expecting to see them laden with their different ornaments, he beheld them tottering under the weight of the dearest treasure they possessed! It is said, that he was so much affected with the spectacle, that he actually burst into a flood of tears.

## *THE BUSY BODY.*

NO. XVI.

Nature has done every thing in the best manner; but we would do better, and so spoil all."

OF all the foibles incident to human nature, there is none which so frequently presents itself to our observation as that general absurdity known by the name of affectation. It is confined neither to sex, age, nor class, but pervades all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. The boarding-school miss simpers, and screws herself into a thousand distortions, that she may be termed graceful;

while her antiquated grandmamma shrugs up her shoulders, and, like the publican in the scriptures, thanks heaven that she was never vain conceited and coquettish, *like some young women.* The prodigal youth, launching into life, affects airs of consequence and independence; boasts of his intimacy with men of fashion, and traduces women of character, to gratify his own vanity and excite the envy of his associates; while the superannuated dotard brags of his youthful exploits with undaunted effrontery, and thinks his own judgment infallible in every instance. The city tradesman settles the affairs of the nation with all the importance of a profound politician, because he happens to be president of the evening club, and finds few able to controvert his arguments, or willing to contradict what they do not clearly comprehend; and his spruce shopman struts, at half price, into the boxes of the theatre, ogles the ladies through an opera glass, then takes his sixpennyworth at the P. S. and O. P. where he picks up a little theatrical chit chat; after which he conceives himself perfectly qualified for a critic and a connoisseur. The woman who is conscious of possessing no beauty wherewith she may stand a chance of attracting admirers, usually prides herself on her education and talents; affects to be deeply read in the polite literature of the day—interlards her conversation with sentimental phrases and high sounding-words, of which she rarely comprehends the signification—and torments all her acquaintance with her ridiculous pretensions. While, on the other hand, the man of real learning and genius, disgusts by his affectation of singularity; and is arrogant, slovenly, or rudely inattentive, as the caprice of the moment suggests. The rustic charmer, whose native simplicity would be deemed her greatest ornament, affects the graces of a town-bred miss; she must finger a piano, without taste or scientific knowledge; read novels, instead of the Family Bible; and be extremely nervous whenever her assistance is required in domestic occupations, because it is vulgar to be robust and ruddy, and

nothing is expected of a young woman but delicacy and accomplishments. The dapper footman, when he can contrive to slip off his livery, perfumes his handkerchief, and joins his comrades with all the *graces* of a finished petit maitre; retails anecdotes of fashionable scandal, which he has heard while waiting behind his master's chair; and feels perfectly satisfied, that he must be superlatively elegant, because all the ladies' maids declare that he is *a most agreeable devil*, and a monstrous *tasty* young man. In short, every one aims at an appearance which is, in fact, far less creditable than that which nature has qualified them for; and, like indifferent actors, would rather strut their hour in finery, which fits them awkwardly, than walk unobtrusively through the plain part allotted them on the stage of life. But, however contemptible these fooleries may appear, there is one species of affectation more seriously reprehensible than any yet noticed; it is that prevailing vice, which calls for the severest animadversions; I mean the affectation of religion. This is a subject of serious importance, as it tends to undermine the morals of the rising generation. Churches and chapels are now considered as the most convenient assemblies for the display and observation of new fashions. It is there that they exhibit, in all the pride and vanity of human folly, an exterior profusely decorated, and frequently a person indelicately exposed; where humility, meekness, and chastity, should reign in every bosom. And even in those sectaries, whose rigid rules deny the indulgence of such vanities, they are not exempt from affectation; for, in their uncharitable censure of others, they display all the arrogance of weak minds and narrow hearts; make religion a cloak for the practice of imposition most unchristian like; under the supposition that piety, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and thus deceive themselves and others, by mistaking the appearance for the reality. Of this sort of religious imposition, an instance has lately met my knowledge, which will form the subject of my next paper.

## *EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE of SUPERSTITION.*

(FROM SACRAFANE'S VOYAGE EN GREECE.)

WITHOUT doubt, my dear A———, you are persuaded that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho, who precipitated herself into the sea—and Celia, who swam across the Tiber, you imagine that we can never again meet with women of their character. Well, learn what a young girl of Zante has performed; who, if she had lived among the Greeks or Romans, would have been capable of yet greater things.

Helen Mataranga, aged twenty years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover, standing in silence at the foot of her bed; it appeared to her on the second and third nights immediately following. She at first imagined that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her: in consequence of which she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fat sheep to the convent of Panagia. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are—

One night, when her husband was at a neighbouring village, she rises, takes with her a hammer and nails, goes barefooted to the burying-ground, takes the body of her lover out of the earth; and, notwithstanding the fœtid odour, and the corruption it exhales, she embraced it repeatedly, bathed it with her tears, and then drove four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returned home, passed the re-

mainder of the night in tranquillity; and from that time the spectre discontinued its visits.

What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of a phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover—feeling round it—recognizing it—uncovering it—suffering the almost insupportable odour—embracing it—outraging it! What agitated feelings! what chilling perspiration! How much the fear of being surprized must perturb her soul, and freeze her senses. Yet this woman, whose sensibility, in ancient times, would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity.

## *AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DROPSY.*

SARA KIPPUS, a pauper in the city of Norwich, was taken with the dropsy after a miscarriage, at the age of twenty-seven years. She was first tapped in the year 1759, and died in August, 1783. Thus she lived full twenty-five years, with some intervals of ease, having undergone the operation of tapping eighty times; and, in all, had taken from her 6,631 pints of water, or upwards of thirteen hogsheads.

## *A GUIDE TO OLD AGE.*

THE late Archbishop of Seville, in Spain, lived to the extraordinary age of 110 years, eight months, and fourteen days. He used to tell his friends, when asked what regimen he observed, to be even at that age in the full enjoyment of every faculty:—"By being old when I was young, I find myself young now I am old."

## *A CAUTION.*

THE following circumstance, no less curious than interesting to the safety of almost every family, occurred some time ago at the house of Mr. Whitworth, draper, in Northampton. Mr. W. perceiving a strong smell of fire, was induced to search into the cause of it; when going into the bed-chamber, he found it proceeded from a crape hanging against the wall, with one end on the dressing table; no fire, or candle, having been in the room, it it supposed to have happened from the reflection of the sun's rays drawn to a focus through a large globular bottle filled with water, which stood upon the toilet, a few inches from the crape; the toilet was scorched, and also the hanging-paper; and the whole of the building must have soon been in a blaze, if the cause had not been timely discovered.

## *CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF WOMEN.*

MR. LEDYARD was a native of America: he accompanied Captain Cooke round the world, travelled on foot through more than half of the globe, and died in Egypt in the year 1788. The following characteristic anecdote, related by him, is not less beautiful than just. "I have always observed," says this careful observer of manners, "that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane: that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not, like man, hesitate to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, or supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society: more liable, in general, to err than man; but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer;

with man it has been often otherwise. In wandering through the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, (so worthy to be called benevolence), their actions have been performed in so free, and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel, with a double relish." What a beautiful eulogium, and how justly due!

## *THE GLOW-WORM.*

(FROM PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.)

TWO points seem to be agreed upon by naturalists, concerning the glow-worm: first, that it is phosphoric: secondly, that its use is to attract the male insect. The only thing to be enquired after, is the singularity, if any such there be, in the natural history of this animal, which should render a provision of this kind more necessary for *it*, than for other insects. That singularity seems to be the difference which subsists between the male and the female; which difference is greater than what we find in any other species of animal whatever. The glow-worm is a female *caterpillar*, the male of which is a *fly;* lively, comparatively small; dissimilar to the female in appearance, probably also distinguished from her in habits, pursuits, and manners; as he is unlike in form and external constitution. Here then is the adversity of the case. The caterpillar cannot meet her companion in the air. The winged rover disdains the ground. They might never, therefore, be brought together, did not this radiant torch direct the volatile mate to his sedentary female.

## *THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.*

(Continued from page 148.)

### CHAP. IV.

"I always suspect the candour of those who set up for wits; I am always apprehensive lest they should sacrifice the real state of things to the arts of description, and affect a brilliancy of style at the expence of truth."

*Rousseau.*

CORNELIA was soon initiated into all the mysteries of fashion; she dressed with taste, reconciled herself to the practice of wearing rouge, when she appeared in public; and, although not quite an adept herself in the talent of quizzing, could join readily in the laugh raised against others, by one, who in defiance of good-nature or decorum, exercised her wit in that way, for the diversion of the company. This ingenious young lady was introduced to our heroine by Lady Clerville, as the "most agreeable creature in life;" and, consequently, no doubt could be entertained by our novice of her worth or abilities. In fact, Lady Virginia Morney was one of those accommodating persons who can suit their genius to all occasions and characters: to those whom she had any interest in pleasing, she was a most egregious flatterer—while the effusions of her mischievous temper were vented on those who had no power to recriminate. Her rank and personal attractions secured her many admirers, but her levity too soon released them from her chains, and she was now pretty near that critical period at which ladies are said to be fairly on the look-out. Her present admirer was a Mr. Agincourt, who was one of those beings who possessed no character at all, but followed the lady merely for the reputation of having it said, that he was in favour with a fine woman, and one who in the fashionable circles was deemed a *belle esprit*. Lady Virginia was not long at a loss for an object

on whom she might exercise her ridicule, when she was once presented to Juanna Millington; and the very next day, at dinner, a fair opportunity offered. Colonel Sibthorpe, who happened to occupy the next seat, chanced to display an elegant snuff-box, on the lid of which was a beautiful Madonna, in enamel. Juanna incautiously expressed her admiration of it, and observed, that she had seen a face somewhere very much like it. "Perhaps you might, ma'am," replied the colonel, "it is one of Raphael's."—"Dear me," returned the spinster, simpering, "that Raphael was a vile character, he had more mistresses than any man I ever heard of—I have seen a number of pictures of beautiful women, and have been told they were all his."—Colonel Sibthorpe, ready to laugh at this misapprehension, turned his head aside, without making any reply; and Lady Virginia, availing herself of the opportunity, jogged Miss Millington's elbow, saying, in a whisper, "Hush! for mercy's sake, dear madam; it is the colonel's grandmother." Upon which Juanna very gravely replied, "You astonish me, my lady; well, I protest I would not have hinted at such a family misfortune for the world: but really I saw no likeness. Do pray make an apology for me." At these words, Lady Virginia, losing all command of herself, burst into a loud laugh, which was echoed by Agincourt; a reproving glance from Lady Clerville, however, gave her a moment's embarrassment; but recollecting herself, with admirable presence of mind she turned to Juanna and begged her pardon, declaring that a laughable circumstance just at that moment occurred to her remembrance, which had quite overset her gravity.

"No doubt we should be entertained by the recital of it, madam," said Millington, drily; who saw that she was playing upon the ignorance of his sister, and wished, if possible, to detect her rudeness. "It is too frivolous to repeat," said she, carelessly. "Not so, my dear," observed her friend; "it surely cannot be a trifle that could occasion Lady Virginia Morney to violate the rules of good-breeding." Lady Virginia, feeling the full force of

this rebuke, coloured like scarlet, but, determined not to be easily disconcerted, she rallied her usual presence of mind, and mustering up all her powers of invention, which seldom deserted her in time of need, she looked round with an air of confidence, "it is the simplest thing in the world, I assure you," said she, "merely this: an old maid of this city, very susceptible, and alive to the tenderest emotions, became enamoured of a young tobacconist; unluckily, he did not happen to be equally smitten. The good lady, in the ardour of her attachment, consumed an immoderate quantity of Strasburg; day after day she visited his shop, and had the felicity of receiving the fragrant morsel from his dear hands, till an unlucky accident put an abrupt termination to the amour: piqued by his continued insensibility, and overpowered by her emotions, she once breathed a sigh from the bottom of her heart as he was about to close the parcel. With frantic haste he dashed the packet to the ground, exclaiming, in no very lover-like tones, "Zounds! madam, you have blinded me; the cursed snuff has put my eyes out." The lady, disconcerted, ran out of the shop, closing her ears against his cruel reproaches, and, I believe, died soon after of a broken heart." Miss Millington was not much pleased with this ridiculous story, which, nevertheless, gave the company liberty to laugh, and the subject was soon after changed.

At an early hour Cornelia returned with her friends to their lodging, attended by Courtney, who paid such polite attention to her and Miss Millington, that he was equally a favourite with both. Cornelia wrote her friend a faithful account of all that occurred; to which she received the following answer—

LETTER I.—HARRIET TO CORNELIA.

*London, Feb.* 19.

I am happy to hear, my dear Cornelia, that your pleasures at Bath equal your expectations. By your account of Lady Clerville, I can readily conceive that she is a most

fascinating woman: and, though I might be fastidious enough to make an objection, on the score of levity and inconsistency, as to her being an eligible chaperone for you, I should consider such an observation impertinent, as you are under her care by your father's desire. Our friend Sidney was here yesterday. I do not flatter you, when I say that your absence has made him sad; I offered to read part of your letter, then carelessly added, "but I suppose you have heard from her?" He answered, without hesitation, that "he had not."—"Is it possible," I cried, affecting surprise, "that she has not answered your letters?"—"You mistake," said he, gravely; "I have not written."—"Not written! Why, Frederick, have you quarrelled with my friend?"—"Heaven forbid!" he replied. "Then why so careless! so indifferent?" He sighed: "I am neither, Harriet; but somehow, when I get a pen in my hand, I am apt to scribble at random, and might write what I would not wish her to read."—"You are quite mysterious, Sidney; yet I think it would but appear kind and friendly."—"I hate appearances."—"But pray, my eccentric friend, how is a woman to judge of a man's sentiments?" He interrupted me hastily, "Not by the rhodomontade of what is denominated a love letter; and I am sure such a one as I should write would not be acceptable to Miss Millington."—"Do you take her for a fool, then?"—"Far from it; she has a good understanding, but vanity, dear vanity! is woman's weak side; and of that also Cornelia has her share." And yet, my dear, with all this apparent apathy, I am convinced the creature loves you, for a trifling circumstance betrayed his secret emotions. Opening a drawer, while he was present, to look for a receipt which my mother wanted, I drew out a slip of paper, containing some of your hair; your name was on it, and caught his eye—"That is Cornelia's," said he, instinctively holding out his hand for it. "It is," I replied; "you may have some of it if you please, but I cannot spare it all." He began eagerly to divide it, and, as he plaited it into two locks, I

am sure I saw him drop a tear; and, when he thought I did not observe him, he pressed it ardently to his lips. I imagine it is a degree of false pride which influences him to conceal his sentiments. To pique him a bit, I read to him your extravagant praises of Courtney: extravagant, I will say, for, between ourselves, I must confess I do not like your hero. Perhaps I am prejudiced in favour of Sidney, and take up the gauntlet for him; but let me, my amiable friend, caution you not to trifle with that too gallant Hibernian—men of his country are generally insinuating. I would not be illiberal in my remarks, but I fear they are very seldom to be trusted in matters which concern our sex; at any rate, coquetry is both unamiable and dangerous. Sidney, though subject to many oddities in his manner, is the early object of your regard, and, in every respect, a man of integrity; a specious exterior too often covers a depraved heart, though it is, unfortunately, the foible of womankind to prefer unmeaning assiduities and empty flattery to the sincerity of a heart which would exalt the merit of a beloved object; but I wander from my subject. Sidney, strange being! listened with attention, yet seemed not the least moved; however, I know he possesses an extraordinary command of feature, so that I was as much at a loss to guess his thoughts as before: I understand he intends to write to you very soon. In short, my friend, man is a riddle, which I have hitherto not thought worth any pains to unravel. You ask for the history of my heart, but I fear it would prove an uninteresting detail; at some future period you shall have it; for, when you are better acquainted with your own, you will be the more willing to make allowances. Adieu, Cornelia, I must resign my pen; I go to attend my dear mother, she gets daily worse; sadly do I fear no medical aid can save her. Do not wait for regular answers, but write as often as leisure and inclination accord; your letters afford us pleasure under any circumstances. I trust you will not let any thing I have said limit your confidence; remember, if I

do not hear from you very often, I shall be jealous of Lady Clerville, and think she monopolizes all your friendship.

Yours sincerely,

H. MONTAGUE.

Cornelia pondered over this letter. "Alas!" said she, mentally, "what a strange creature is this Sidney; other men, who are indifferent to me, pay me flattering attentions, while he, my destined husband, too conscious of his security, alone neglects me. I must rouse his lethargic feelings, mere *liking* is not sufficient for me. Does he think so meanly of me, as to suppose I will gladly accept a poor cold plighted hand? no! no!" The following day a letter arrived from Sidney; Cornelia received it with rapture, and, before she broke the seal, accused herself of having been too hasty in her condemnation; but this favourable impression was too soon removed, by a perusal of the contents, which ran thus:—

DEAREST CORNELIA,

That you are enjoying all the gay scenes which Bath presents, I am truly happy to hear, and not a little flattered to find that in the midst of dissipation you have not forgotten the friends left behind. Your accusation of neglect and unkindness, on my side, is unjust: you say "I rejoice at your absence, and am even unmindful of the common forms of etiquette." To this last charge I candidly plead guilty, my heart is too fondly attached to sincerity, to be swayed by forms; but, believe me, my thoughts daily and hourly wander to you, and while you think I am most neglectful, my sad heart is cherishing your loved image even to despair! You will think me inconsistent, mad! no matter: there are circumstances to influence my conduct, which time alone can develope. Cornelia, keep what I am going to add a secret in your own breast—let no consideration of our engagement, or my happiness, restrain your inclinations, should you meet with

a man whose manners are more congenial to your taste: you shall be free! Think not I would awe you to a mistaken point of honour—you shall be free in action as in choice. Do not, I entreat you, misconstrue this into a capricious wish to resign my claims; they may, at a future period, constitute my pride and felicity. Unless any material change in your sentiments should take place, I conjure you not to harrass the mind of your father by doubts, on a subject so dear to his heart; I ever have been, and still am fervently attached to you, my dear Cornelia; but I cannot pay homage as a slave, nor tie you to an engagement which fear or compassion might induce you to fulfil; 'tis the dread of this which weighs upon my spirits, and causes that apparent apathy of which you complain—your reproaches add torture to my misery. Harriet, your amiable friend, strives to chase from my mind such gloomy presages, as too frequently damp my spirits, and paints to me, in brilliant colouring, future prospects: her's is the magic lanthorn of hope, with which we are all childish enough to be amused. Inconsistent as I may seem, deny me not your friendship, my sweet Cornelia; I trust I shall never deservedly forfeit that blessing; without it, I should be a wretch indeed. Whatever may be our future destiny, doubt not the unalterable regard of your

FREDERICK SIDNEY.

Cornelia read this letter several times, and shed tears of sensibility over some of the passages, that, in particular, which hinted at "despair," arrested her attention; and she was bewildered in conjecture from what source such gloomy thoughts could arise, when Lady Clerville entered the dressing-room. Perceiving that Cornelia had been weeping, her ladyship began to laugh at her, and sportively snatching the letter, persisted in reading it. When she had finished, she exclaimed, "In the name of beauty dry your eyes, child; you are both a precious couple of fools. This scroll, so full of dolefuls, is the effusion of a stubborn but fond

heart; Sidney is too tenacious of your regard to act rationally: he trembles at his own shadow, and tries to bluster out his fears. Come, come, fight him with his own weapons now; when you are married you may use your pretty *oval nails*, if you prefer them; and my life for it you will gain the day. The more you torment yourself, the more refractory he will be; men must be fretted into docility. Do you know Cupidon dines with me to-day, he absolutely begged the invitation; I see you have made a conquest, and intend to have some sport, so I shall place you on his blind side mind, that I may be the better able to count every glance; as he will be under the troublesome necessity of turning his head quite round."—"Ah! you was always mischievous," replied Cornelia; "but indeed I am unfit for company to-day."—"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Lady Clerville; "this man positively infests you with his preposterous apprehensions. Prithee, put on your bonnet, and accompany me to the pump-room; Courtney will be here presently with some new music, and I should not wish to be absent; for, to tell you a bit of a secret, I think Morney is throwing out a lure for him; but I will foil her there, depend upon it. I wish you were not engaged, Cornelia; 'tis a foolish affair, but it cannot be helped." Cornelia blushed; this last sentence conveyed an implication which occasioned her some confusion; and, unwilling to let her aunt read her thoughts, she instantly prepared to accompany her.

*(To be continued.)*

## *MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.*

BEING to start on particular business in the morning by the mail, at six o'clock, having ordered your servant to call you at half past five, he wakes you an hour too soon; being sleepy from sitting up late and packing up the night before, you dose till after seven, when you get up, and

have the satisfaction of knowing the coach must have been off at least an hour.

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In a whiskey, wishing to make all possible speed, as you have an engagement on your hands, having half ascended a steep hill, your horse makes a point blank stop; applying the whip to him, he backs you, so that within a few minutes you are at the bottom of the hill you left a quarter of an hour before.

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After travelling a long journey, arrive, quite worn-out, at a small inn about one o'clock in the morning; when you have been standing in the street half an hour, benumbed with cold, and your patience nearly exhausted, you perchance succeed in raising the ostler; he with some difficulty wakes the waiter, who, to your unspeakable pleasure, informs you that you cannot have a bed, as they are all occupied by the officers of a regiment marching through; before you have been ten minutes reclined on some hard chairs, your ears are agreeably saluted with the drums of the regiment, going out of town, which entirely preclude every possibility of sleeping.

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Wishing in a journey to spare your own horse, you hire a hack, who, with considerable persuasion, and not without frequent endeavours to say his prayers on the road, takes you a stage of sixteen miles in five hours.

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Riding many miles to be at Windsor on the Sunday evening, to see the royal family on the Terrace; being informed you cannot be admitted with boots, and having no shoes, are obliged to borrow a pair of your landlord, which are with difficulty kept on your feet; when you have reached the Terrace, and been jostled there for several hours, return home without seeing even a soul of the royal family, who do not appear that evening.

Visiting a friend in a small country town for a few days, whose conversation and company you wish to enjoy, all his acquaintance invite you to their houses; so that with running the gauntlet through dinner, table, and supper parties, you are nearly exhausted, and do not experience one moment of pleasure from your friend's society.

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Being complimented in company, at the expence of a lovely girl, for whom you have a regard, and whose conduct you are not permitted to vindicate.

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When you have said what you conceive to be *a devilish good thing*, finding no person laughing but yourself.

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After having sung one of your best songs, being flattered with the enquiry of a deaf gentleman, who asks whether you have been singing.

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While endeavouring in a country dance to show off your fine steps, catching your toe in your partner's muslin gown, and falling flat on your face, to the no small amusement of the company.

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Wishing to exhibit before the ladies with whom you are walking, your agility in jumping over a ditch, you, by some mischance or other, instead of reaching the opposite bank, manage to stop half way, which gives you an opportunity of shewing the effect of mud upon your silk stockings.

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Expecting great news in your paper, are very anxious immediately to know its contents; in endeavouring to dry it at the fire too hastily, you burn the postcript entirely to ashes, and scorch the remainder of the paper so much, as to be unable to read a word of it—no other paper taken in the place.

*Bury, Aug.* 1809. OCULEUS.

## *THE SUDDEN REVERSE.*

A TALE.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AFTER having enjoyed the comforts of affluence for some years, it was the lot of the youthful Eulalia to be reduced to a state of extreme poverty. It is a difficult lesson to learn how to submit to the privations and mortifications of indigence, when suddenly reduced from a situation so vastly dissimilar. To the misconduct of her father it was owing that the amiable Eulalia found herself in circumstances so distressing; but to the virtuous energies of her own mind she owed the fortitude which enabled her to defy the malice of fortune, and that noble piety, which prevented her from uttering a complaint likely to wound the feelings of an erring parent; and with the composure of an innocent heart and complying temper, she accompanied him to the humble dwelling, which their necessities compelled them to accept from the liberality of their landlord, and to which was annexed a small portion of land, to the cultivation of which the attention of Eulalia's father was now directed. The old man had also a son, who chearfully worked with him in the field; while the amiable Eulalia busied herself in domestic occupations, new, yet not irksome, since she found herself enabled to contribute to the comforts of her father and brother. "Shall I murmur," she would often say to herself, "that my hands are coarse and discoloured, since they prepare food for my poor father, or render the couch more comfortable for his weary limbs? Shall I complain of fatigue, whose labour is so comparatively light; and while a few hours exertion serves to render our scanty wardrobe decent and respectable? Oh, no; affluence may have its pleasures, but poverty is not without its enjoyments: had we not been thus reduced, my father, my brother, would never have known how truly I love them." It was thus

that the lovely Eulalia, at sixteen years of age, uttered sentiments so tender and so philosophical.

The unexpected death of her father was the first subject of real grief to her gentle bosom; she had now no tie on earth but her brother, and it was her sole wish to live and die with him—but it was the wish of an inexperienced heart, which had never yielded to the omnipotent power of love. Lower in estate than sentiment, Eulalia retained but one ambitious idea, which was, that she should never bestow her heart but where her reason might approve. A young man, named George, who resided in the same village, was at length the object of her discerning preference; and he was in every respect worthy of the amiable Eulalia. Having relinquished all expectation of being ever restored to her native rank, the modest orphan banished every appearance of superiority, and with humble sweetness contented herself with the friendship of her lowly but honest companions, and thus she enjoyed all the innocent pleasures of nature, friendship, and love. Alas! these pleasures were succeeded by a calamity most oppressive and peculiarly afflicting, as it originated in the imprudence of one who too fatally inherited the foibles of her lamented father; it was her brother, the impetuous Renaud, who was the author of her subsequent distresses.

On the death of their generous landlord, Sainrive, his only son, came to take possession of the estate, and receive the homage of his vassals; young, spirited, and giddy, and accustomed to a life of independence, he had hitherto allowed himself no time for reflection; without being naturally depraved, his passions hurried him into the greatest enormities, and his errors were more frequently the consequences of impetuosity and caprice, than the genuine offspring of a vicious disposition. In tracing the character of the master, we may generally discover the primary source of misconduct in the servants; it was thus with the domestics of Sainrive. One of his men having caught a

glimpse of Eulalia, took upon himself to profess his admiration, in such terms as roused the indignation of Renaud; he sought the aggressor, and indiscreetly expressed his resentment with such vehemence, that a quarrel ensued, in the course of which Renaud struck the servant of Sainrive several heavy blows with a stick which he happened to have in his hand, and left the vanquished lover almost dead of the bruises. Sainrive soon heard the alarming account of his favourite domestic having been mortally wounded by a young villager, and instantly ordered him into confinement; Eulalia, apprized of the melancholy affair, and filled with terror for the fate of a brother so tenderly beloved, flew on the wings of fraternal affection, in hopes that her tears and supplications would arrest the progress of justice. She was admitted into the presence of Sainrive, where, falling on her knees, she acknowledged the fault of her brother, vindicated his motives, and disclosed his provocation; then bursting into an agony of tears, she implored his release and pardon.

Sainrive regarded her with astonishment and admiration; her youth, her loveliness, the graceful motion of her fine form, the expression of her animated countenance, and the superior refinement of her language, arrested his attention, and inspired him with sentiments inimical to the tranquillity of the unconscious, alarmed, Eulalia. Raising her gallantly from her suppliant posture, he gently pressed her hand, saying, in a low voice, "Retire for the present, I entreat you; I will consider the affair, and if you will return hither to-morrow, you may rely upon having justice. Eulalia, in the enthusiasm of hope, regarded not his stedfast gaze; she attributed the tenderness he evinced to the sensibility of his heart, and returned home full of delightful anticipations. The next day she returned to the chateau, expectation gleamed in her eyes, and rendered them more brilliant. Sainrive was alone, he received her kindly, smiled on her, and her spirits rose at the happy presage of a favourable answer; "Eulalia," said he, after

a pause, "I have learnt all the particulars of this sad affair; your brother's conduct has been highly culpable: on your account I might be inclined to clemency, but it does not rest wholly in my hands to administer justice: yet I have sufficient influence to obtain his discharge, were I certain of your *gratitude* in return."—"Ah, my lord!" exclaimed Eulalia, again falling at his feet, "can you doubt my gratitude, for a favour so great, so noble; I am poor and lowly, my lord, but I have a heart capable of appreciating, ardently appreciating, a generous action."—"And a person," rejoined Sainrive, smiling, with an expression she could not misunderstand, "that may be deemed an adequate reward for any such exertion."—"My lord," cried Eulalia, rising with dignity, "a virtuous action is its own reward."—"And beauty the agent of remuneration," observed Sainrive, significantly. Eulalia cast her eyes on the ground, indignant blushes suffused her cheek, but she feared to reply, lest she should provoke him to resentment. He read the struggles of her mind, and calmly said, "Consider of it, Eulalia; you have the power to save your brother's life, and attach me to your interests for ever." Eulalia was still silent; she haughtily, yet respectfully, bent, as she quitted the apartment, and, as she retired, exclaimed, mentally, "Alas! *I have no longer a brother!*"

Sainrive was too eager and impetuous to keep his thoughts long to himself; his whole household were speedily apprized of what had passed, and it was not long before it reached the ears of George. What were his sensations—he knew the affection of Eulalia for her brother would induce her to make almost any sacrifice—his life, her honour, one or other, must be the stake. For an instant, he thought of influencing her determination by the persuasion of love, but he soon discarded the idea, as a treachery to friendship; and the conflicts he endured are beyond description. At length he resolved to absent himself till the result was confirmed; he would owe nothing

to persuasion, but trust all to the native sense of rectitude which adorned the mind of his Eulalia.

The next day Sainrive came to the cottage, he met Eulalia, and perceived, with anxiety, the melancholy alteration of her appearance. "Have you considered?" he asked.—"I have, my lord; you have resolved to sacrifice my brother, unless I submit to your wishes; permit me, therefore, to make a few necessary arrangements; and although I acknowledge my submission to be reluctant, I claim your promise on the terms proposed."

Sainrive, delighted by this unlooked for acquiescence, could with difficulty refrain from demanding an immediate ratification of the agreement; but, awed by the placid dignity of her mien, and willing to render himself agreeable to the object of his passionate regard, he put a constraint on himself, and departed, after appointing the next day for the final adjustment of the affair. He was no sooner gone, than Eulalia summoned all her friends to her; among them was the faithful, but afflicted, George: when she, falteringly, avowed her intention of acceding to the wishes of Sainrive, all her friends were unanimous in condemnation of her resolve. They implored her to alter her determination, and pointed out so warmly the infamy of the proceeding, that her heart was wrung with anguish: George alone was silent, but she read his thoughts, and respected him the more for his forbearance. "Enough, my friends," said she, "I have not acted without a thorough conviction that I am doing my duty; suppress your observations, they cannot shake my purpose: all I ask of you, is to accompany me to the chateau to-morrow, there to hear my brother's pardon pronounced, and escort him safely home, that he may have nothing to fear from the malice or treachery of his foes."

At these words a murmur arose, but no one was able to refuse her the favour she demanded. At length an old woman stepped forward, and, while tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, she exclaimed, "Eulalia, I know this

sacrifice costs you dear; you are too virtuous and too good, my child, to lead a life of infamy. Poor and feeble, as I am, I have yet power to see justice done; I am under obligations to you, which call for a return, and I will see if I cannot punish your oppressor." Eulalia smiled mournfully at the mistaken zeal of the good old woman, but placed little dependence upon her assertion. In fact, the unfortunate Eulalia had come to a desperate resolution of destroying herself, the moment she had effected the deliverance of her brother; and, anxious that no misconstruction should be attached to the action, she had desired the attendance of her friends against the important moment. At the appointed hour a select number arrived, among whom was the afflicted George, who, however indignant at a resolution which he deemed inimical to her honour and his peace, silently permitted her to make her own decision. Among the rest was the old woman; she seemed wrapped in her own thoughts, and paid little attention to those who surrounded her: when they came to the chateau, she demanded a private conference with Sainrive; it was granted, and they retired for a few moments: when they returned to the wondering party, a sullen gloom seemed to possess the features of Sainrive. "Then you are resolved," said she again, addressing him.—"I am,"—"And so am I.—My friends, I here declare, that I have used every persuasion in my power to deter this base man from his purpose, but without effect; and I have now only to assert, what I can prove, beyond a possibility of doubt, that he is an impostor, and has no authority here. I repeat, he is not the true heir of our regretted lord."

Surprize and consternation caused a general murmur; Sainrive put on a look of contempt.—"What absurdity!" said he; "I defy this woman to prove her words." The old woman drew a letter from her bosom: Sainrive cast his eyes on the paper, and grew pale as ashes—"It is my mother's hand."—"Your mother's, I grant: but she was not your father's wife."—"How?"—"His wife breathed

her last in my arms; her infant was reported to have died; it was a stratagem of your mother's, to supply her place. This paper, which you see holds out to me a large reward, had the desired effect; I was the nurse, and by my contrivance the infant was secreted: thus all your boasted power is at an end. The clergyman who baptized him is at hand; he will recollect a mulberry upon his breast, which you have not; the infant was supposed to be in the agonies of death, and was removed before your father returned from battle. Soon after the loss of his lady and child, he returned, and yielding to the persuasions of your mother, brought her to the chateau, and acknowledged you his son and heir."—"Who then is the heir?" was the general cry. The old woman pointed to George, who displayed the mark on his breast, to the surprise and exultation of all present. Eulalia fainted away with the excess of joy, and it was then the dagger was discovered, with which she had heroically resolved to sacrifice herself. George approached the crest-fallen Sainrive—"Had you been just and humane," said he, "this mortification would have been spared you; as it is, it affords me a salutary lesson, not to abuse the power fortune has thus providentially vested in my hands. Though I can neither love nor esteem you, I consider you my brother, and will act by you as the feelings of nature dictate: when my rights are validated and confirmed, you will find that I am not ungenerous."—"Noble youth!" exclaimed Sainrive, "you are indeed deserving of your good fortune; your conduct makes me ashamed of my own errors; if you can accept of this apology as an atonement, we may yet be friends; and I trust you will not find me unworthy of your confidence. Think not, that any mercenary motive influences this declaration; I have deserved my humiliation, and submit to your decision." George took him by the hand; "I trust we shall yet be friends." This explanation being adjusted, and Renaud restored to his sister, the friends of Eulalia filled the air with acclamations of joy.

George took the earliest opportunity of convincing his beloved Eulalia that his change of prospect had not effected any change in his sentiments; and he soon after led her, exultingly, to the altar. Sainrive, to divert his chagrin, passed to England, leaving the happy couple in possession of affluence; and that greater blessing, the wealth of a virtuous mind.

## *EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.*

(Concluded from page 81.)

LORD COLVILLE TO THE HON. MRS. DOUGLASS.

THE affectionate interest you take, my dear madam, in whatever concerns (I may say) our happy family, induces me to attempt describing the events which have occurred, since I had the honour of kissing your fair hand.

As you perused the delightful epistle*, which not only raised my hopes to the highest summit of earthly felicity, but occasioned my rapid flight from the metropolis, you will naturally imagine that I did not waste many hours in travelling, and that I arrived at the castle in high spirits. By one of those fortunate events, which sometimes fall to the lot of the undeserving, I had the happiness of perceiving the arbitress of my future destiny strolling *solus* in that little plantation which skirts the park, and, ordering the postillions to stop, I descended from the carriage, and presented myself before her, at a moment when she supposed me many miles distant, yet she neither fainted, or fell into hystericks; though it was evident my sudden appearance produced a variety of contending emotions. Pleasure, however, strikingly predominated, though feminine delicacy excited embarrassment, at our accidental

* See Mrs. Colville's Letter, in July, page 75.

meeting when she was alone; the opportunity, however, was too favourable to be resisted, and ———. But I will not trespass upon your time by a love-scene, and merely say, that I disclosed a passion, which, I trust, will last to the end of my life.

Oh, my dear Mrs. Douglass, did the generality of females but know how many charms ingemuousness gives to their character, and how completely the sensible part of our sex despise the subterfuges of art, they would surely lay aside all that appearance of false delicacy, and allow us to read the spontaneous effusions of their heart. But I am digressing from the interesting subject; I stand corrected, and return to it with delight. My adored Charlotte no sooner heard that her mother sanctioned my proposals, than she extended towards me her inestimable hand, saying, "I trust I am not guilty of an impropriety, by assuring you that my heart and hand are closely connected."

I breathed a vow upon that hand, my friend, which, I trust, is registered in heaven; for angels might have listened to the purity of my intent. Time, at that moment, might with justice be said to fly upon the wings of love; but my Charlotte reminded me, that the carriage would reach the castle, and call forth surprise, or solicitude, in the breast of my beloved mother. We hastened forward, and met the family party, whom delicacy prevented from making any remark; though the blushing cheeks of my adored Charlotte told a tale to the circle, probably more impressive than words.

You have frequently, my friend, heard my opinion of long courtships, and therefore will not be astonished at hearing I pleaded for an early day; the arbitress of my fate, however, was inexorable, and I was forced to apply to an auxiliary; this was no other than the countess, who arrived at the castle last Tuesday, wholly unexpected by her daughter: but stratagems are allowable in love as in war. As you are no stranger, my dear madam, to the flattering reception my proposals of marriage met with

from that exalted woman, (who, I may truly say, adds dignity to the rank she bears), you will not be surprised at hearing, that instead of repressing the ardour with which I implored her amiable daughter to name an early day for the completion of my earthly bliss, she used her utmost influence over her, and though the dear reluctant girl at length consented to our united solicitations, yet I could not help thinking she did it with a bad grace; but as I was aware that an obliged person ought never to murmur at the manner in which an obligation is conferred, I did not venture to complain.

I must, however, my dear madam, endeavour to give you a description of the events which have occurred within the last week at the castle, in a more methodical manner than I seem to be doing, or you will have reason to regret the little accident which has happened to my dear mother, and which induced her to appoint me secretary upon this important occasion. The accident I allude to, however, might have been serious, and the pain occasioned by it, at the moment, was severe; but, thank God, my excellent parent is not likely to feel any other inconvenience from it than the loss of her thumb-nail. The wind was excessively high yesterday morning, and my mother, in passing through the park-gate, was not aware of its force when the air was in a contrary direction; it recoiled upon her unexpectedly, struck her forcibly upon the shoulder, and by some means squeezed her thumb against the post.

Having now assigned the reason for officiating as amanuensis, permit me, my dear madam, to revert to the descriptive part, and tell you, that last Saturday made me the happiest, and, I think, the most enviable of mankind. My mother made you acquainted with the disinterested proposals Lord D——ford had made Louisa; but those proposals the dear girl unhesitatingly rejected: Barker's hopes were of course rekindled by that rejection, and he then formally made my sister an offer of his hand. My

Louisa behaved like an angel upon the occasion, and candidly acknowledged, that she preferred him to any other man; and it was finally agreed, that my friend's happiness and mine should be completed on the tenth of next month. An unexpected event, however, accelerated the blissful moment: Barker, without solicitation, was appointed to a seventy-four gun ship, instead of the frigate he commanded, which at that time was refitting. Unalloyed happiness, however, is not to be the lot of mortals; for he received orders to take possession of his new appointment in five days; and could I have divested myself of the pang occasioned by separation, I should have hailed the event, which was likely to put me into immediate possession of my prize; for it had been previously determined, that the indissoluble knot should be tied before my friend left the castle, and that we were both to become benedicts at the same time.

Neither of the intended brides raised the slightest objection to the ceremony taking place immediately; and a present of twenty guineas to the lawyer's clerks, induced them to turn night into day, or, in other words, to continue at the necessary employment without remission, until the settlements were completed. Mrs. Pemberton arrived the day preceding our auspicious nuptials: as her dejected daughter could not bear the idea of witnessing a scene of joy, after having so recently been an active performer in one of unfeigned sorrow, no one attempted to alter the too susceptible girl's resolution; for so completely dejected are her spirits, that we actually all caught the melancholy infection, and I have frequently felt the tear of sympathy start into my eyes, whilst silently witnessing the tears of sensibility rapidly chase each other down her pallid cheeks.

Miss Oglevie, a particular friend of Lady Charlotte's, accompanied the countess to the castle; and the Three Graces, as I always termed Sir William Sidney's daughters, joined them on the following day. As every species of show and ostentation, my dear madam, is wholly uncon-

genial to my feelings, I experienced no slight degree of gratification, at hearing my beloved Charlotte request the ceremony might be completely private. The young ladies, whom I have mentioned, were our guests, and, consequently, officiated as bride-maids; and my worthy tutor tied the indissoluble knot; the old steward acted as father, for which, after the ceremony, I presented him with a draft upon my banker for one thousand pounds.

As our respective marriages were fixed for the tenth of next month, even the servants had not the slightest suspicion it would take place before that period; by which means the too dear girls avoided a thousand nameless embarrassments, which minds truly delicate consequently must feel. Both my respected tutor and the worthy steward were frequent and almost daily visitors at the castle, and, as I was in the habit of reading to the ladies in the library in the morning, the ceremony was performed there without exciting suspicion in the breasts of the domestics. The carriages had been previously ordered, and, as soon as it was concluded, we took one of the most delightful drives I ever recollect enjoying; the day was not sultry: we were serenaded by a numerous choir of warbling songsters, far sweeter to our ears than the sound of the village bell. Neither my beloved mother or the countess partook of our enjoyment; they had both, doubtless, been employed during our absence in offering up prayers for our happiness; for though a smile of tranquillity sat upon their expressive features, I could easily discern that both had been weeping.

I am not yet, my dear madam, completely the man of fashion, or, to speak more plainly, do not think a French valet a necessary appendage to a man of rank; in short, honest Tom Jones, who accompanied me in my first voyage, has been elevated to the station of attending my person. I should also add, that I am not yet become so helpless as to require the assistance of a less stout fellow to put me to bed; Jones, consequently, merely places my

things in order, but never accompanies me when I retire to bed. Somnus* and I, however, have entered into so strong a league of friendship, that Jones has hitherto been under the necessity of breaking it; and going to my apartment on the morning after my marriage, for the purpose of performing his accustomed duty, the attached fellow actually alarmed the house, by the terror he expressed at finding the bed unoccupied, and my dressing-gown, &c. &c. missing. A ludicrous scene, I assure you, followed; but the secret of course was necessarily disclosed; and the joy the poor fellow displayed, at finding me in the land of the living, could not easily be painted by words.

My dear mother has this instant been peeping over my shoulder, and chiding me for introducing such an humble personage as poor Jones: but knowing that both you and the doctor, my dear friend, enjoy a fit of laughter, I will give you leave to enjoy it, either at Jones's or my expence. "Let those laugh who win!" says the adage; and, I think, I of all men have a right to enjoy that privilege, for what a coincidence of fortunate events have, within a short space, fallen to the lot of your happy friend. May that glorious Being, who has so graciously heaped these undeserved blessings upon me, endow me with gratitude to feel, and humility never to abuse his gifts; for how often do we find a sudden transition of fortune totally change the character of a man. It is my prayer, that I may possess those blessings no longer than I know how to make a proper use of them; yet, with such a mother as I possess, to point out the proper objects of benevolence, and with such a wife, to aid me in the distribution of the Almighty's gifts, I think I must be the most frail of human creatures, if I do not dispose of them in the manner they are intended.

* Somnus, the god of sleep.

The present party, my dear madam, all unite in affectionate wishes to the doctor and yourself, with your truly devoted friend, and humble servant,

COLVILLE.

## *CROSS PURPOSES.*

A DRAMA.

(Continued from page 152.)

### ACT I.—SCENE II.

*A Room in the Farm.—Mrs. Somers and Fanny at Work.*

*Mrs. S.*—My dear child, you must bear up against this new misfortune; do not let me have the misery of losing you, in addition to my other calamities.

*Fanny.*—Oh, mother! you know not my sufferings; self-reproach renders them still more bitter: for your sake only do I support myself, you have been too good, too indulgent, to your erring unworthy child. Believe me, mother, it is not the total loss of Lord George's affection that I regret, I have long ceased to think of him, otherwise than as a designing seducer; but I dread that the finger of scorn will again be pointed at me; all my unhappy story will be revived in the remembrance of our neighbours; and even the amiable Miss Mowbray may be rendered unhappy.

*Mrs. S.*—I know not what to advise; should we undertake to inform her of it, she might mistake our motives, and perhaps imagine that selfishness or envy have occasioned the disclosure. But I hear a footstep in the passage; we have been overheard.

[*She rises and opens the door.—Miss Mowbray enters.*

*Miss M.*—Excuse this intrusion, Mrs. Somers; and forgive me that I have, undesignedly, overheard your conver-

versation. My dear Fanny, I feel for your agitation, but be assured you have nothing to fear on my account; your secret is safe in my possession, and I am happy in having had the opportunity of learning the delicate motives which deterred you from seeking my confidence.

*Fanny.*—Oh, madam, will you not hate and despise me?

*Miss M.*—Neither, I can assure you, Fanny; I deeply sympathise with your unhappiness, pity the weak tenderness of your misguided heart, and regret the credulity of your parents, in exposing you to such temptation; but, believe me, I arrogate no superior merit to myself, because that my rank and education have placed me, in great measure, above the danger of such snares. If there is an object likely to excite my hatred and contempt, it is Lord George; he is culpable in every particular, and on him my just resentment shall fall.

*Mrs. S.*—You will not surely decline the alliance?

*Miss M.*—I know not just yet what I shall do; my mind is filled with indignation; but I have a wild scheme in my head, which I will communicate to you, and rely on your assistance in the execution of.

*Fanny.*—You may command us in every thing.

*Miss M.*—I take that as a promise; now you shall hear my plan. It is my most anxious wish to avoid Lord George, he has never seen me; and as my father is indulgent to my every wish, I know he will be easily persuaded to permit my visiting and remaining with your mother for a few days, while Lord George is at the hall.

*Mrs. S.*—But to what purpose. Lord George will no doubt wish to see you; he will seek you here, and here he will find my poor injured child.

*Miss M.*—It is my wish that he should see her, but not here. In fact, I have no doubt but he will pay you a visit; perhaps attempt to compromise matters in a pecuniary way: but I wish him to be persuaded that Fanny is no more; in fact, that she died the victim of his perfidy. I shall then

see what effect it will have on his feelings, and form my opinion of his character accordingly.

*Mrs. S.*—But how can we conceal her?

*Miss M.*—By sending her to the hall, where she must personate Miss Mowbray.

*Fanny.*—Dear madam, impossible! I should betray myself instantly; my awkwardness—my confusion.

*Miss M.*—You must exert yourself, Fanny; I ask it as a particular favour. If your appearance occasions him any emotion, he will discover himself, and be ashamed to retract; but if he does not recognize you perfectly, the marriage shall actually take place.

*Mrs. S.*—My dear Miss Mowbray, can you be serious?

*Miss M.*—Perfectly so, I assure you. I should feel no pleasure equal to an act of justice; and I anticipate a happy conclusion to this little drama.

*Fanny.*—It must be as you command, madam; but I fear you will find me a bungling actress.

*Miss M.*—Courage, my dear; do your best, and I shall be satisfied. So make ready and come this evening to the hall; I will go and prepare my good father.

*Fanny.*—I fear you are doing a violence to your own inclination, in thus seeking to promote my advantage.

*Miss M.*—Far from it, Lord George is nothing to me; and the world should not tempt me to accept his hand, under the present circumstances. So adieu—I shall expect you. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. S.*—What an eccentric girl! who but herself could have devised such a romantic scheme?

*Fanny.*—But her motive is so amiable. Well, I must, like many others, conceal an aching heart under a gay exterior.

*Mrs. S.*—Well, my dear, we will go and arrange our little concerns before you leave me, and endeavour to make every thing comfortable for Miss Mowbray.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Morning.—A Hovel on a Heath.*

*Lord George and Mr. Mowbray sheltering themselves from a heavy Shower of Rain.*

*Lord G.*—I wish we had not left the carriage in the village; we shall be wet through before we reach the farm, if it continues to rain in this manner.

*Mr. M.*—Prithee, my lord, do not grumble; the gentle Fanny will soon console you for all these vexatious occurrences.

*Lord. G.*—I wonder how she bears the news of my intended marriage; I expect a pretty reception. In faith and truth, I have been a sad rogue, brother.

*Mr. M.*—And carry on your roguery to the last. Fie! Fie!

*Lord G.*—Hush! not a word; you know walls have ears. But come, it clears up, let us hie forward.

*Mr. M.*—Observe, my good brother, to-morrow ends the farce; not an hour longer than the time stipulated will I observe silence to accommodate your lordship; so make good use of your time.

*Lord G.*—You are a good creature, and you shall find that my future conduct will evince my gratitude for your kindness and consideration; now follow me, and doubt not that success will attend the enterprise. Whatever may happen, I trust your generosity till the period agreed on.

*Mr. M.*—You may depend upon my fidelity. Allons.

[*Exeunt.*

*(To be continued.)*

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## *FAMILY ANECDOTES.*

BY A DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

THOUGH the title, which I have thought proper to assume, may give my readers cause to imagine I am one

of those splenetic mortals who view objects through a gloomy shade; yet, I beg leave to assure them, that, though the perspective of my happiness has been overclouded, I endeavour to borrow some degree of earthly felicity from witnessing that of my friends.

Connubial bliss, however, I am sorry to say, falls to the lot of but few individuals; the female termagent is too often united to a man of a placid turn of mind; whilst the gentle and accomplished being, on whom nature has lavished a thousand attractive graces, is doomed to drag on a wearisome, or miserable life, with a tyrant, incapable of appreciating her various excellencies, or one, who feels the inferiority of his own uncultivated mind.

These instances may, perhaps, be termed the extremes of domestic inquietude; I shall therefore avoid, in my first description, drawing a portrait of either of these characters, and shall describe the scenes which I witnessed in the family of Theodocius, who, at the time of my visiting him, had been married about two years, to a lady whom I shall merely term Eliza; who was brought up by, and distantly related to my mother's only sister.

From the secluded life which my father led, I had seen but little of the young lady; but Theodocius and myself had been intimate several years; we were brought up at the same college, and each intended for the profession of the law. My friend, however, had the good fortune to attract the affections of a young lady, during his residence in Lincoln's Inn, and being the only offspring of wealthy parents, Theodocius soon became an independent gentleman. If I am to credit his assertions, they were a truly happy couple, but, at the expiration of three years, death put a period to his happiness; the amiable Emma died in giving birth to a daughter, who was christened after her deceased parent.

Theodocius for four years remained a widower; but, at the expiration of that period, espoused my relation; each had frequently invited me to spend a month or two in

Worcestershire, and at length I determined to accept their invitation. The spot they had chosen for their residence was picturesquely beautiful; in short, nature and art appeared to have combined their efforts to render the place a perfect Paradise, and to gratify every wish which its possessors could form.

It was evening when I reached the vale of Malvern, and Theodocius and Eliza were strolling about their extensive grounds; a servant civilly offered to conduct me to them, and I met them in a beautiful alcoved walk. As my visit had been long promised, though the time not specified, my friend received me with a mixture of pleasure and surprise; my fair cousin likewise expressed satisfaction at seeing me, yet I could not help fancying her words contradicted the language of her eyes. We returned homewards, however, chatting upon indifferent subjects, in which, notwithstanding, the husband and wife did not always agree; but when we reached the house, Theodocius, turning to his helpmate, said, "My dear, will you give Jackson orders to prepare the blue-room for your cousin."

"No, Mr. ————, I shall not," replied the lady, with a degree of asperity, which, I confess, astonished me; "he will sleep in the chintz chamber; and I beg you will not interfere either with my servants or me."

"I beg your pardon, madam," replied my friend, in an ironical accent; when turning to me, and forcing a smile, (though his countenance bore strong marks of resentment) he said, "You see, George, what we married men are obliged to submit to!"—"Yes, yes," retorted the lady; "but you have not told him what we poor wives are compelled to endure."

Oh, ho! thought I, are these the sweets of wedlock? then I may bless the stars for having escaped its shackles. However, I soon afterwards discovered that I had arrived at an unlucky moment, as my friend and his wife had just had a warm dispute respecting some trees in the grounds, which she wished to have cut down, and which he had

positively refused. The evening, however, passed away more agreeably than I had expected; and the next morning, after breakfast, the blooming Emma, and her little sister (the child of Eliza) were introduced; the latter was in arms, and the father embraced it with affection, and then returned it to the nurse, desiring Emma to remain in the parlour, and presenting her with a peach.

"You will actually fill that child's stomach with worms, Mr. ————," said Eliza, "and at the same time teach her to become a perfect cormorant; for she never sees a delicate piece of fruit without asking for it; and the peach you have given her is one I actually set my heart upon."

"Here take it then, pray, mamma," exclaimed the generous little angel, withdrawing the delectable treasure from her rosy lips."—"No, eat it yourself, you little greedy creature; why did you not offer it me before you had bitten it?" The child, from an impulse of sensibility rather than passion, burst into a flood of tears, and threw the peach upon the floor, sobbing out, "Pray, papa, never give me another morsel of fruit, for I cannot bear to be called greedy, as I always give my sister half."

"There, Theodocius! you now, I hope, have a specimen of your daughter's ungovernable temper," exclaimed the indignant and unfeeling mother-in-law; "I wonder how you dare treat your father's present so contemptuously," continued she, darting a furious look at the child.

"You have behaved very wrong, Emma," said Theodocius, in a mild, yet decided accent; "and if I again behold such a mark of ungovernable passion, I shall be seriously offended; pick up the peach, and solicit your mamma's forgiveness, and promise her not to be guilty of a similar offence." The lovely child instantly obeyed the mandate, and throwing her little arms round Eliza's waist, implored her pardon, with all the native simplicity of a child.

The unamiable Eliza received the apology in sullen silence, and turning to the nurse, desired the children

might take a walk; the object of her resentment was therefore hurried out of the apartment, whilst my friend for some moments silently paced the room. At length fixing upon me a look full of wounded sensibility, he said, "George, you have witnessed the impetuosity of which my poor Emma has been accused; candidly tell me, then, whether you think her conduct deserved censure, and ingenuously speak the unbiassed sentiments of your heart."

"To speak candidly, then," I replied, "the mode of resigning the peach was delightful; and what your lady termed the effect of passion, I consider merely the produce of wounded sensibility; the fruit, which had drawn upon the poor child the charge of selfishness, had very naturally lost its value: the throwing it upon the floor I do not attempt to vindicate, but it was evidently the effect of acute feeling."

"Oh, Eliza," said Theodocius, "could I but persuade you to view my poor Emma's conduct through the same fair medium which my friend beholds it, how many hours of domestic inquietude would it save us; and how much real happiness would it impart to the breast of the dear girl."

"Oh, I am always in the wrong, Mr. ———," replied Eliza; "yet surely some evil spirit must have guided my actions, when I consented to become a mother-in-law. I, who doat upon you to an excess of fondness, can ill bear to see all your affection lavished upon the offspring of another."

"Had that *other* been in *your* situation, Eliza, how different would have been her conduct; she would have fostered the dear child with maternal affection, and never have suffered her to feel a parent's loss: she would have rejoiced at seeing the tenderness I displayed towards the helpless innocent, instead of reproaching me with want of regard towards herself."

"This is too much—too much," exclaimed Eliza, throw-

ing herself into an hysteric fit, and shrieking with a degree of violence, that actually stunned my oral faculties.

"My Eliza! my beloved Eliza! pardon your penitent husband, I implore you," said the terrified Theodocius, at the same time throwing himself upon his knees before her, and acting a part almost as ridiculous as the lady herself. For my part, I was so completely disgusted with my cousin's behaviour, and so provoked with the folly of my friend, that I hastily quitted the apartment, and took a solitary walk for two hours. Returning at the expiration of that period, I was astonished at meeting Theodocius, his wife, and little child, all walking as amicably together as if nothing had happened to ruffle the temper of the former.

Theodocius evidently felt the folly he had been guilty of; but Eliza appeared wholly unconcerned, and the innocent cause of this domestic altercation appeared delighted at being treated with common attention by her mamma. Three days elapsed without any circumstance worth relating occurring, yet, even during that peaceable period, I observed many little trifling incidents, to confirm me in the opinion that Theodocius and Eliza were an ill-assorted couple; but, on the fourth, Sir George Freelove and his family arrived at the Vale of Malvern, for the purpose of spending a few days with my friends. Sir George Freelove was a complete country gentleman, generous, hospitable, and passionately fond of the chace; his lady was completely the reverse of this character, and avowed an utter aversion to a country life. Their eldest daughter, Selina, was one of the most fascinating girls I ever beheld, or rather young women, for she appeared about four and twenty; the youngest, whose name was Amanda, was a compound of pretended sensibility and affectation: in short, it was impossible for a man of sense to be an hour in her company, without being completely digusted.

My friend, delighted with the artless manners of the amiable Selina, paid her those attentions to which she was intitled; but these were considered as infringements

upon Eliza's privileges, and I evidently perceived a storm gathering; it commenced by a coolness in the lady of the mansion, bordering upon rudeness, to her more polished guest; whose quickness of sensibility evidently took alarm at this unprovoked mode of conduct, and rendered her visit truly unpleasant.

Theodocius, at a loss to guess the motive by which his wife was influenced, mildly remonstrated upon the impropriety of her conduct; when the secret was at once disclosed, and she openly accused him of being unfaithful to her affection, if not to her bed.

Theodocius is a character so naturally averse to censorious aspersions, and so completely under the dominion of probity and principle, that a charge, so unjust and unfounded, roused the dormant feelings of disgust and resentment; and, in a moment of passion, he called heaven to witness, that he would no longer reside under the same roof with a woman capable of such malicious assertions.—Faintings and hysterics lost their accustomed influence; and, though I was the only person present when the charge was laid against my friend, yet the altercation was carried to such a height, that the Freeloves perceived something very unpleasant had happened, and wisely took leave on the following morning.

I considered the bonds of marriage of too sacred a nature to be severed, unless the most weighty reasons could be assigned for it, and therefore made use of all my rhetoric to dissuade Theodocius from putting in practice his alarming threat. As well, however, might I have attempted to turn the course of a rapid current, or to stop the flowing waves of the sea; he had solemnly sworn, and was resolved to put his threat into execution; and a lawyer was immediately sent for, to draw up deeds of separation.

Too late was Eliza sensible of the impropriety of her conduct; yet in vain endeavoured to make atonement. Theodocius sent a messenger express for the aunt, who had brought her up, for the purpose of witnessing the unfortu-

nate settlement. The only offspring of this ill-assorted union was committed to the care of its disconsolate mother, and one hundred a year, during infancy, allowed for its board, with a positive injunction, that when it attained its fifth year it was to be sent to school; four hundred a year was to be paid Eliza, quarterly, and the first was given in advance. Emma was to remain under the eye of her fond father, who immediately sent for a near relation to keep his house; this lady was the widow of a naval officer, and perfectly calculated for the important trust of education. But, alas! my friend's happiness is fled for ever; for, though he acted under the influence of passion, he is tenderly attached to Eliza.

As your publication, Mr. Editor, embraces two objects, and at once entertains and instructs; I flatter myself a simple relation of matter-of-fact circumstances may produce a beneficial effect.

Jealousy and suspicion are baneful passions, and when their growth is once encouraged, there is no saying to what height they may run; and, as it is much easier to avoid an infectious disease than to cure it, I hope your readers will take warning from the injudicious Eliza, who, convinced of her husband's affection, fancied she possessed the power of making him her dupe. Whether Theodocius acted right, I do not mean to take the liberty of asserting; but he evidently erred at the commencement of his marriage, or Eliza, at the expiration of two years, would never have ventured to have carried jealousy to the extent which I witnessed.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XX.

*Beauties selected from the Writings of Dr. Beattie. Neely and Jones, Paternoster Row.*

THE compiler of this volume, Mr. Mudford, has been long known to the public, as a man of taste and eminent literary abilities, nor has he forfeited his claim to that title in his arrangement of the volume before us. The works of Beattie are so well known, and deservedly admired, that it would be superfluous to make any comment here; we shall, therefore, merely observe, that in addition to all his poems, are numerous extracts from his most esteemed productions in prose, so judiciously selected and arranged, that they appear detached subjects, and consequently are more valuable than the generality of miscellaneous extracts, which are usually given in volumes of this description. Most of the familiar letters of the author are contained in this volume, with a circumstantial account of the life of this extraordinary self-created genius. We are of opinion, that the merits of the work would justify a *superior edition*, as, according to the present expensive style of publication, the price of this volume is too moderate for its intrinsic value.

*Tales of Fashionable Life. By Miss Edgeworth. Johnson, St. Paul's Church Yard.*

IN this collection of interesting Tales, Miss Edgeworth has given a most favourable specimen of her talents: they display an extensive knowledge of human nature, in all its shades and varieties; the language is uniformly correct and easy, without the smallest tincture of pedantic affectation. The first tale, "Ennui," is particularly entitled to commendation; the plan is original, and designed to illustrate the injurious and unpleasant consequences of that mental inactivity, which is too frequently occasioned by the consciousness of independence. Some humourous and

characteristic traits of the Irish are introduced, which are particularly diverting; from these we select the following:—

"Like all those who have nothing to do any where, I was always in a prodigious hurry to get from place to place; and I ever had a noble ambition to go over as much ground as possible in a given space of time. I travelled in a light barouche, and with my own horses; my own man, an Englishman, and my cook, a Frenchman, followed in a hackney chaise; I cared not how, so that they kept up with me; the rest was their affair. At night my *gentleman* complained bitterly of the Irish post-carriages, and besought me to let him follow at an easier rate the next day; but to this I could by no means consent: for how could I exist without my own man and my French cook? In the morning, just as I was ready to set off, and had thrown myself back in my carriage, my Englishman and Frenchman came to the door, both in so great a rage, that the one was inarticulate and the other unintelligible. At length the object of their indignation spoke for itself. From the inn yard came a hackney-chaise, in a most deplorable crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forwards, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places; the iron of the wheels half off, half loose; wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin: one lame, the other blind: one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length, by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat, and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered great coat, tied round his waist by a hay rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this great coat shewing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like

stockings hung loose about his ancles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe.

"In an indignant voice I called to the landlord, "I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise, intended for my servants."

"The innkeeper, and the pauper, who was preparing to officiate as postillion, both in the same instant exclaimed—"*Sorrow* better chaise in the county!"

"Sorrow," said I; "What do you mean by "sorrow?"

"That there is no better, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more to be sure; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way there's no better can be seen than this same."

"And these horses?" cried I; "why this horse is so lame he can hardly stand."

"Oh, plase your honour, tho' he can't stand, he'el *go* fast enough. He has a great *dale* of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He's always that way at first setting out."

"And that wretched animal with the galled breast?

"He's all the better for it when once he warms; it's he that will go with the speed of a light, plase your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and did'nt I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luck penny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four years old at the same time."

"I could not avoid smiling at this speech, but my *gentleman* maintaining his angry gravity, declared, in a sullen tone, that he would be cursed if he went with such horses; and the Frenchman, with abundance of gesticulation, made a prodigious chattering, which no mortal understood."

The remainder of this whimsical journey is equally ludicrous, but our limits will not admit of our transcribing the whole.

The tale of the "Dun," is also interesting, and impressive; and we can promise our readers much satisfaction in the perusal of these excellent and ingenious little novels.

## *DRAMATIC RECORDS.*

### NEW THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS elegant and expensive structure was completed on Monday, September 18, in a style of magnificence far surpassing any theatre that has ever been erected in this metropolis. The astonishing celerity with which this immense building has been raised from a mouldering heap of ruins, affords a surprising proof of the indefatigable industry which has been exerted on the occasion; and might have given cause for strong fears, as to the safety of the edifice, had not the most satisfactory trials been made previously to its opening for the reception of the public. It is reported, that the number of bricks laid down in seven months amounted to seven millions. The party walls are five feet thick, and within the theatre are placed, at all convenient intervals, strong walls with iron doors, which, in case of fire, would effectually confine the conflagration within that compartment. The fire-places are also made with the grates turned upon a pivot, by which means the front can be moved round to the back, and the fire be thus extinguished without the possibility of accident; a plan which we hope will be generally adopted. Water pipes are conveyed through every part of the house, spreading like veins through the human body; and the water can be turned on at pleasure in all the lobbies and avenues by means of large brass cocks, properly placed for that purpose: thus every thing is arranged for safety and accommodation, as far as human foresight can contrive. The building is massive, and of vast magnitude, completely detached from the surrounding buildings; the principal front, which is in Bow Street, has a magnificent portico, supported by immense fluted columns, and ornamented at each side with emblematic devices in basso relievo. The entrance hall is of stone, forty feet square, from whence a grand stair-case, eighteen feet wide, ascends to the boxes. There are stone landings on each side, ornamented with red porphyry columns, with bases and capitals of white

marble. The walls are of marble, beautifully veined; beyond this is an anti-room, decorated by red porphyry pilasters, with gold capitals and bases; opposite the entrance of this room is a statue of Shakespeare, seven feet high, placed on a pedestal of yellow Sienna marble; the corridors, which surround the boxes, are nine feet wide, and paved with stone. There is a saloon adjoining, sixty feet long, fitted up in a most magnificent manner; it is ornamented by red veined marble pilasters and paintings in chiaro-scuro at each side, with sofas of scarlet, bordered with black velvet. The entrance from the Piazza is by a double flight of steps, lighted by antique lamps on tripods of bronze.

The lower boxes are nearly on the same plan as those of the old house, but with an additional seat; and under the gallery is a row of private boxes, constituting the third tier, not connected with any other part of the house. The fronts of the boxes are painted of a dove colour, with grecian ornaments in gold, upon a pink ground and gold mouldings. The boxes are supported by light fluted columns of gold; there are three rows of seats in each box, with coverings of light blue; and the circles of boxes are lighted by glass chandeliers, superbly cut and mounted.

The pit is very spacious, and conveniently elevated, with a division through the centre, as at the Opera House; the seats are covered with light blue cloth, edged with scarlet: the whole of the decorations are lively and elegant.

The upper gallery is divided into five compartments, with a separate door at the back of each, opening into a spacious lobby, in which are windows; so that the audience can have the benefit of a free circulation of air. The lower gallery will contain about eight or nine hundred persons; this also has a large saloon at the back of it. The upper gallery will contain near two hundred and fifty persons; and is twenty feet nearer the stage than that of the late theatre Drury Lane.

The front of the stage is surmounted with the royal arms, with plain pillars at the side; and the stage is well adapted for the display of scenic parade, having extraordinary depth and extent: on the whole, no expence has

been spared to render it the most commodious and magnificent structure in Europe.

It has, however, been a matter of great discontent, that the proprietors availed themselves of these circumstances to raise the prices of the boxes and pit; as the additional number of private boxes have been calculated sufficient to cover these expences, especially when aided by the curiosity of the public, which would occasion a complete overflow of the house for a considerable number of nights. The expences attending the fabrication of this splendid theatre is stated, by the proprietors, to amount to the immense sum of 150,000l.! in addition to which, they, most inconsiderately and lavishly, engaged Madame Catalani at the exorbitant salary of 150l. a week, at a period when no *foreign* attraction was necessary to secure a crowded audience. If the proprietors are thus fond of throwing away their money for a *song*, they should surely defray the cost out of their own private purses, and not levy a tax on a generous public; who are ever ready to answer a demand made by justice or humanity, but indignantly revolt against unjustifiable imposition. Their conduct was, consequently, resented with such a general spirit of opposition, that they have been under the necessity of dissolving the engagement with Madame Catalani, and closing the theatre for a few nights, in order to lay their books before a committee, upon whose decision they intend to ground their plea of justification—but it admits of a doubt whether the public will be so easily satisfied.

## *Cabinet of Fashion.*

### WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A straw bonnet, with a white feather in front. Fine worked cambric morning dress; purple silk shawl. Parasol the same colour. Buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A white satin under dress, with a yellow crape robe; short sleeves, with deep lace ruffles. White kid gloves and shoes. Paste or diamond head ornaments to correspond. Silver cord and tassels round the waist.

Sands Sc

# LONDON DRESSES for OCTOBER.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Oct.1 1809.

BRITISH MUSEUM
1915
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THE

# APOLLONIAN WREATH.

## *AUTUMN.*

YE tuneful nine, O lend an ear,
And listen to thy vot'ry's prayer,
Who tries the rural strain;
O let thy sweet diffusive aid,
With love of poesy, pervade
My bosom once again.

Now Autumn comes, in russet pride,
With laughing Bacchus at her side,
The god of social glee;
Whose hand the brimming goblet rears,
That dissipates all mental cares,
In mirth and jollity.

Again, o'er many a hill and plain,
Rich Ceres spreads her bounteous reign,
And waves her golden wand;
To fill with joy the human heart,
And sweetest blessings to impart,
To man's ungrateful hand.

Behold the orchards' various trees,
That quiver to each wanton breeze,
With mellow fruitage bend:
And juicy grapes, from tendrils green,
Among the foliage are seen,
In clusters to depend.

'Tis now the season of the year,
When vap'ry particles appear,
To hide the blue serene;
And ope their sluices, charg'd with rain,
In torrents o'er the grassy plain,
And ev'ry motley scene.

Far in the south they're seen to rise,
With spots to deck th' azure skies,
And hang th' ætherial way;
Till more and more they gradual spread,
At length Apollo's glowing head
Scarce shoots his chearing ray.

And oft, with kindling nitre fraught,
They burst, and the steep hills athwart
Wide flash terrific fires;
While loud resounding thunder rolls,
That rends high heaven's eternal poles,
And down the vale expires.

The fearful reaper trembling speeds,
With faltering steps along the meads,
"Nor casts a look behind;"
To where some cottage door extends,
Or lonely barn, that scarcely lends
A shelter from the wind.

At length the darken'd clouds divide,
Nor more the beaming glories hide,
Of soul enlivening day;
For, hark! the raging storm is o'er,
And the deep thunder's heard no more,
Or lightning's seen to play.

Creation round, her rocks and woods,
Her limpid streams and roaring floods,
With renovating smile,
The philosophic breast delight,
Restores its beauties to his sight,
And all his thoughts beguile.

But soon shall winter's sullen storm,
These lovely images deform,
And sadden every grove;
With iron grasp shake every bow,
And lay their verdant honours low,
Nor let the streamlets move.

Thus man, endow'd with reason's pow'r,
Shall, like the leaf which Autumn's show'r
Now scatters o'er the ground,
To him who gave—resign his breath,
And, sinking in the arms of death,
Receive his mortal wound.

*Finsbury, August* 3, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

## *DAMON AND LUCINDA;*

OR,

"A FAINT HEART NEVER WINS A FAIR LADY."

WHEN e'er enraptur'd Damon's eye
Lucinda's form survey'd,
The eager gaze and deep drawn sigh,
His ardent love betray'd.

Long had he wish'd some gracious pow'r
To tell her of his pain,
Would kindly grant a fav'ring hour;
Nor were those wishes vain.

Behind the western hills was set
The fervid lamp of day,
When, lucky chance! poor Damon met
Lucinda in his way.

No zephyrs fann'd the sultry air;
They sought the shady grove;
Where, rack'd with ev'ry anxious care,
The shepherd talk'd of love.

Oft on his lips these accents hung,
"Tis yours to bid me live:"
And oh! how oft his bashful tongue
Pronounc'd the word "forgive."

He told her all his bosom felt,
With many a tender sigh;
Implor'd her at his tale to melt,
Or see him droop and die.

But here poor Damon ceas'd to speak,
For prudence whisper'd "hush!"
Wide spread o'er fair Lucinda's face,
Confusion's modest blush.

But Damon, in that sweet surprize,
No happy omen found;
For, oh! he rais'd his timid eyes,
And saw the angel frown'd.

With fault'ring voice, and downcast head,
He bid a last adieu!
And peace destroy'd—his hopes all fled,
For ever left her view.

Oh, silly youth! when just begun,
Why quit a cause so clear?
Oh! learn what Corydon has done,
And mourn thy coward fear.

He saw Lucinda, and admir'd,
Love kindled in his heart;
He follow'd where the maid retir'd,
And dar'd that love impart.

Lucinda heard the vent'rous youth:
She heard—and frown'd with scorn;
But Corydon has learnt the truth,
*"No rose without a thorn."*

And still he urged the cruel fair,
With ev'ry tender name;
With all the eloquence of pray'r,
Or lover's thoughts could frame.

Her snowy hand he gently rais'd,
And kiss'd with matchless grace;
Again the flash of anger blaz'd,
O'er fair Lucinda's face.

Fain would she speak, but, hapless maid!
Young Cupid interpos'd,
And rushing to the lover's aid,
The ruby portals clos'd.

Against each side, with touch divine,
His little fingers prest,
And found a smile, ah! happy sign,
The favour'd swain was blest.

Then let my tale this hint impart,
To lovers in despair,
*A bashful tongue and fainting heart,*
*Ne'er wins a lady fair.*

OSCAR.

## *SONNET,*

### TO HER WHO WILL BEST UNDERSTAND IT.

AH! lovely fair, as on thy form divine,
In ardent admiration lost I gaze,
And rashly dare these trembling eyes to raise,
To catch one sympathetic glance from thine;
Forgive the rude attempt, for as I trace
Thy features matchless symmetry, the smile
Which fondly plays around thy angel face,
Will all my pangs of wretchedness beguile.

Ah! tell me, tell me, what propitious pow'r,
Thou fair seraphic, delegate of heav'n,
Has to thy charms such magic sweetness giv'n,
That sorrow, for one transitory hour,
So long my bosom's melancholy guest,
Seems banish'd from my heart, and lull'd to rest.

## *SONNET TO ROME.*

La douce illusion nous montre encore la trace.
*L'Abbé Lille.*

YE plains of Italy, ye fields of Rome!
How chang'd the scene your present prospect yields,
No waving banners now, no glitt'ring shields,
With martial light your plains around illume.

The hand of time in ev'ry step we trace,
Buildings in ruins now the eye salute;
And where the clarion warlike sounds did raise,
The peaceful shepherd tunes his rustic flute.

Bright fancy pictures to my mind, my sight,
Heroes expiring in bold freedom's flame,
And statesmen worthy of a Roman name;
Bards too, sublime, my 'raptur'd eyes delight.
Their blest ideas seem graven on my heart,
And to a Briton's breast a Roman's flame impart.

## *TO FORMOSA,*

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

IF love's pure joys I e'er have felt,
Or e'er at his fair altar knelt;

Oh! may I artlessly prolong
The annual tribute of a song,
And seek, in vision's airy flight,
At orient day, or sombrous night,
That spot which holds my absent love,
Who, (faithful emblem of the dove!)
Arrests my thoughts, my wand'ring eyes,
And bids the warmest raptures rise.
Oh! say my muse, how oft have I,
Majestic Cynthia riding high,
And shedding forth her pearly light,
To the lone bird of solemn night;
How oft have I, the evening mild,
Convers'd with nature, sweetly wild,
Who taught my beating breast to prove,
The trembling ecstasies of love;
Taught me to feel at others woe,
And raised a sympathetic glow:
The pensive mind, dilating still,
Deep ponder'd o'er the good and ill,
That chequer life, and life's dark road—
My heart thus easing of its load.
But ah! my muse, I widely stray,
Led on in thy delightful way;
Now quickly turn, and hast'ning, fly
To that dear maid, for whom I sigh;
In whom my fondest wishes blend,
For whom my unfeign'd pray'rs ascend.
Alas! my pinions, vainly bold,
(Like Icarus, once fam'd of old,)
Begin their folly to deplore,
And late resolve to soar no more:
Simplicity then crown *my* lay,
And happiness *her* natal day.

AMANDUS.

*August*, 1808.

## *CHARADES.*

1.

My *first* is many a mother's pleasure,
But my *second* is a snare;
My *whole* in verse to me's a treasure,
When 'tis good, or new, or rare.

C———s.

2.

Without my *first* we're little here,
And with my *second* worse than that;
If you're my *whole*, 'tis pretty clear,
We shall not often court your chat.

C———s.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to request that publishers, or authors, who favour us with their works for the Review, will send them by the twelfth of the month, if they wish to secure early notice.

Our other correspondents will greatly oblige us by attending to this hint.

It is hardly possible to acknowledge, separately, the poetical contributions we are honoured with; they are so numerous, that time and attention is requisite to correct and arrange them for insertion. We are also under the necessity of attending to priority, which occasions the unavoidable delay of many pieces of equal merit.

Among those intended for insertion, are, "Henry's Tomb"—"The Blue Bell and the Violet"—"The Cottager"—"Sonnet, on viewing a withered Rose"—"Stanzas to ***"—"Lines to Catherine"—"Nancy"—"The Invitation," &c. by M. M. M.—an "Acrostic," by M—." and a "Sonnet to the Evening Star."

The favour in prose, promised by our ingenious correspondent J. Hawkins, will be very acceptable.

We cannot promise insertion to the Lines sent by a new correspondent, N. Shepherd; we do not think they would contribute to his fame as a poet, nor meet the general taste of our readers.

We are sorry we cannot comply with the request of a Constant Reader; the poem he enquires for having been returned to the author, being too long and uninteresting for our purpose.—As to the effusions of the enamoured J. A. we find them, on inspection, so extremely absurd, that we are obliged to suppress them; as the collection of "bleeding hearts," "pleasing fires," and "fond desires," may be found in every sixpenny valentine writer.

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OCT

*Lady Mulgrave*

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